

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## A SONG OF FOUR SCORE.

They have drifted away—my eighty years.  
Like foliage swept from a tree;  
And their gift of a soft white crown appears,  
A veteran's pension to me.

The harvest reveals what seed has been  
sown,  
It may be the earliest prayer:  
Yet e'er long, lo!—by its bitterness known—  
In the midst of the wheat—the Tare.

To the end let me keep the child in the  
breast,  
Whence valuer incitements have fled;  
Old Time at the spring our thirst may  
arrest,  
When this inspiration is dead.

Clouds in the eventide calm may arise,  
The wintry winds pensively wail;  
Still a whisper of Love descends from the  
skies,  
Along through the shadowy vale.

Ties in the beautiful world may decay,  
Yes, the eye and the ear grow dull;  
And the step be slow, for the length of way;  
But there's ever a flower to cull.

On—on for the Life no evil can mar,  
Where a Future, unmeasured, flows;  
'Tis the Land of the Pearly Gates, ajar,  
And the Home of the soul's repose.  
—Boston Journal.

## COWARDLY CARRIE.

The only drawback to Carrie Holden's enjoyment of her annual visit to her uncle's farm was the good-natured contempt which her feminine timidity of nature excited in the mind of her lordly cousin Tom. Tom was her ideal of boyish perfection, and she found it hard not to be able to come up to his idea of what was admirable in every way.

It had not mattered so much during the earlier period of their childish comradeship, but now that they had reached the mature ages of fifteen and fourteen, her sense of inferiority in the matter of courage was galling to the girl. Of course, boys were expected to excel in that respect, but she was exceptionally timid—"silly," Tom said. "Cowardly Carrie" was the pet appellation of that young gentleman for his shrinking young relative, and timid she certainly was—to a fault. He was yet to learn that timidity and cowardice are not synonymous.

Carrie was afraid of many things—"afraid of her own shadow," to quote Tom again—but above all, the darkness and loneliness of the night were unequaled by any other bogey. Unimaginable perils and dangers lurked on every side, hiding the shadows, ready to spring forth and to devour.

"I'm glad that there's one thing you are not afraid of," Tom said one day. "I couldn't manage Jet better than you do," which praise was very delightful to the young girl, coming, as she knew it did, with such sincerity from her cousin Tom. She was riding Jet—Tom's own precious pony—and had come tearing across the fields, with eyes dancing and curls flying; and riding "bare-back," which was a feat of no little merit—for a girl—in Tom's opinion.

"It was you who taught me," answered Carrie humbly, a flush of pleasure mantling her cheek.

"Yes, and I had my own time, too, before I could get you to even try to ride," said Tom. "I never saw such a little goose."

"Where's Uncle?" Carrie asked breathlessly. "Jack Gardner has brought word that your Aunt Margaret is very ill and wants to see him right away."

The sad news made a great stir in the Atkins household, and it was decided that Tom should accompany his father to the home of his aunt, who lived six miles distant. He was to return home early in the morning with news from the sick one, although it was probable that his father might not be able to when he did. This arrangement would leave Carrie and her aunt all alone for the night, as Jake, the hired man, lived in a cottage of his own, half a mile away.

"Now don't worry, mother," said Mr. Atkins anxiously, as he bade his wife and Carrie good-by. "I'll be home as soon as I can."

When the house was closed for the night Carrie noticed that her aunt—whose heart was weak—was nervous and excited. It was very seldom that Mr. Atkins was away at night, and it was a long time before she became quieted and ready to retire.

"Now, Auntie, dear, please go to bed and get what sleep you can,"

pleaded Carrie, who felt quite a weight of responsibility resting upon her unaccustomed shoulders. In her home in the city there were servants to attend to the needs of the family and a nurse to take care of anyone who was ill. "I promised Uncle that I would sit beside you until you went to sleep," she added.

"My dear child, you had better go to bed and not mind me," said her aunt. "I am always like this when anything unusual happens." But Carrie persisted, and presently she had the satisfaction of seeing her aunt quietly sleeping, and stole upstairs to her own little room. She glanced at the clock as she left the room, and was surprised to see that it was nearly one o'clock.

After reading her evening chapter in the Bible, Carrie sat down in the low rocker by the window, and peeped out into the darkness. There was no moon, but the stars were out in full force, twinkling merrily and sending their bright gleams through the darkness to help lighten the world.

"What a lot of them there are," thought Carrie, leaning her elbows upon the window-sill and gazing earnestly heavenward. Presently her head began to nod drowsily—drooping—drooping, until her chin rested upon her hands; and soon she was sound asleep. An hour passed, and still she slept.

Hark! what was the sound breaking the stillness of the night? A passenger train thundered by on the track beyond the intervening field, its shrill whistle rousing the girl from her slumber. Dazed, bewildered, it was some time before she could recall her scattered senses and remember where she was.

"I must have fallen asleep," she said aloud, and turned to prepare herself for bed. But what was the meaning of that red glare where the railroad track crossed the ravine?

"Goodness! the bridge is burning!" cried Carrie in a panic. "A spark from the engine has set it on fire! And—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! the Night Express passes here at a quarter of three. If Uncle or Tom were only here! I dare not tell Auntie. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

The clock in the sitting-room below struck "One—two." There was three quarters of an hour in which to get word to the section men at the depot, three miles away—but how? Who was there to send? Carrie shrank as from a blow when the thought struck her that there was not a living soul to go but herself. She to go out into the dark night at this hour! She couldn't—oh! she could not do it! But the burning bridge and the people who would be mangled—the cries of the wounded and the dying, if she did not go, seemed to sound in her ears, driving her almost frantic with their agony, and a sense of her own responsibility.

"I must! I must," she moaned, wringing her hands, wet now with a cold sweat. Then she slipped noiselessly down the stairs, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing her aunt. She closed the front door cautiously, and hurried to the stable, where she was greeted with a welcoming whinny from Jet, who knew and loved her well. It did not take her long to slip the bridle on his neck, and to lead him out into the lane, where she mounted him, thinking how fortunate it was that she had happened to be up and dressed, ready for this emergency. She was trembling in every limb, ready to start and shrink at the least sound, and terrified at the darkness; but the thought of the Night Express, with its load of unconscious passengers, kept her determination from weakening.

"What would mama think if she could see me now?" she murmured, as she sped out through the avenue of maples that led to the main traveled road. She had no need to urge Jet to do his best, for the frisky little animal seemed to be in a frolicsome mood, and to approve entirely of this unusual bit of skylarking. On and on he cantered across the open country, crossing the carriage bridge that spanned the ravine some distance beyond the railroad-crossing, where the smoke and flames rose steadily. On and on they went, she bravely keeping her seat on the saddleless pony, her teeth chattering, though

it was a summer night, without the least hint of chill in the air. But when the last mile had to be traveled, and they came to the road was bordered on each side by a long stretch of woodland, her courage was at the lowest ebb. "Cowardly Carrie" was ready to drop off her pony with fright; but she had no idea of turning back.

Jet, too—whether from sympathy with her or from his own inner consciousness—began to show signs of restlessness, and pricked up his ears, looking from side to side of the road. They were nearing the end of the patch of woodland, every nerve of Carrie's body quivering with apprehension; every movement of rustling leaf or little nocturnal prowler of the woods sending a shiver through her sensitive frame; every swaying branch of the tall trees seeming to her excited imagination like an invisible foe ready to swoop down upon her.

Suddenly Jet gave a great bound to one side, snorting with fright as a dark object loomed up before him, reaching forth a stealthy hand to clutch his bridle. Carrie nearly lost her seat this time, but thanks to Tom's careful training she managed to stick on, and away they flew along the road, Jet skimming the ground like a mettlesome little racehorse, bearing his terrified rider toward her destination. Then it flashed through her mind that she had heard her uncle say there were tramps lurking in the neighborhood and had told them to be careful about keeping the doors locked.

"I had to lock Auntie in," she sobbed, "and the key is safe in my pocket; but what if the house should take fire?"

The section men had gone carefully over their allotted portion of the railroad track that very afternoon, and were now sleeping the sleep of the just; resting in their beds with a sense of duty faithfully performed. The foreman—Tim Sullivan—was snoring peacefully in his cottage near the depot, when a loud and vehement pounding upon the front door awakened his wife. The good woman had not a little difficulty in arousing her lord, who—not unreasonably—resented being disturbed from his well-earned repose.

"Arra-wisha! what nixt is it, I wonder?" he growled, hauling on his trousers and hurrying to the door.

"Oh, please, Mr. Sullivan, hurry! Do, please hurry!" a girl's voice came in agonized accents through the keyhole, and a girl's slim figure almost fell into his arms as he opened the door.

"Tis the little lady from the city, or I'm still dramin'," cried the astonished Mr. Sullivan, who knew her well.

Her story was soon gasped out. All was dark at the depot, but it did not take the now thoroughly alarmed section hand long to hoist the danger signals. And none too soon, for the rumble of the approaching train was sounding in their ears, drawing nearer and nearer; but they were in time to save many precious lives. It was all down grade from the depot; the train was a heavy one, and could not have been stopped in time, as the burning bridge was completely hidden from sight by a wooded hill which intervened.

Carrie received enough praise from the trainmen and passengers to turn the head of a less modest and sensible girl; and a handsome present besides, which the conductor and officials sent to her afterward. She was driven home by a friend of Tom Sullivan's, with Jet trotting contentedly in the rear of the buggy. Both he and Carrie cast a fearful glance around when they passed through the wooded district; but there was nothing to be seen now in the early morning light of day.

The sun was peeping above the horizon; and the shadows were making haste to flee away, and Tom was just turning his horse's head into the lane when they, too, reached it.

"Why, where in the world have you been?" exclaimed the astonished youth; and when the man who was driving her had told the astounding facts of the case, he sat still in his seat and stared at her. "Well, if it doesn't beat all!" he

cried, with such evident admiration and cousinly pride that Carrie blushed to her very eyes. "I'll never call you 'Cowardly Carrie' again," he declared, and her happiness was complete. Tom approved of her; Tom was proud of her. What more could she ask?

"But I was awfully afraid," she acknowledged with honest candor. "I had hard work to make myself do it."

"But you did do it," Tom said exultingly. "Of course you were afraid. That makes it all the better."—*New Idea.*

## The Perils of New York City.

"New York City is a shambles." That startling statement was made not long ago by the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute of Social service, and it is borne out by official figures.

New York's perils to life and limb are worse than those of war. Statistics show that a man in the peaceful pursuit of his business in the highways of this city is more likely to meet sudden death than if he faced an embattled host on the tented field.

Such is the hazard of this race of the swift and battle of the strong that we call civilization. And the danger grows daily with the increase of inventions and devices designed, as it were, to hasten our hurry.

Haste is the one word that explains the situation; seemingly a mad, unreasoning haste that involves recklessness, selfishness, stupidity, and that prompts one to ask:—"Where are they all going? What is this urgent business that regards nothing but its own purpose?"

With high buildings in course of construction rising above our heads on all sides, with the streets torn up beneath our feet, with our faulty and overcrowded lines of local railway, our rushing automobiles, our speedy elevators, our revolving doors, and a hundred and one other contributory causes, metropolitan life has become a constant menace.

Efforts were made in 1899 by the New York Bureau of Labor to obtain as complete a record as possible of all accidents for three months in industries which comprised half the factory workers in the State. A large part of these factories were in New York City or its neighborhood. The returns were confessedly incomplete, yet they showed 1,822 accidents. On that basis all the factories in the United States would show 14,576 accidents in one year.

## CROSSING BROADWAY.

As to the ever present dangers of business life in New York, the subject is so familiar that it hardly needs illustration or emphasis. Take the simple matter of crossing Broadway at any crowded corner. There is a traffic squad of policemen and it is supposed to regulate traffic. If there is any regulation it is all in favor of the vehicle and not of the foot passenger, although the law gives the latter the right of way at all times. Try to make the crossing at the junction of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-third street, say at about three o'clock of any clear afternoon.

It is a perilous enterprise. If an elevated railroad train shouldn't happen to topple off its structure and catch you under it, you might succeed in dodging across the four lines of trolley tracks, but probably only to find yourself directly in front of a swift and noiseless automobile or under the hoofs of a handsome cab horse or some other vehicle of the kind, for there are plenty there and they all travel in their go-as-you-please fashion. If you should be fortunate enough to finally reach the opposite sidewalk intact as to body, your escape will be greeted by a volley of profanity from the driver of the vehicle, who assumes that the road is his own and who resents your getting in his way. That is a peculiar tribute of New York drivers.

Of the dangers of riding on the elevated, surface and subway lines of railroad in New York, enough has been said in these columns to render any further discussion of the subject superfluous. Perhaps next in importance comes the matter of building operations, which includes the rearing of skyscraping structures

and the digging of holes in the ground. There is an old but always pertinent story of a foreign visitor who, when asked his opinion of New York, replied that he thought it might be a fairly good looking city when it was "finished." As a matter of fact, it is not yet finished, and it is growing so constantly and so rapidly that probably it will not be for a generation to come.

## PASS FLIMSY STRUCTURES.

One can go into no part of Manhattan without encountering some extensive building operation, and almost invariably the precautions taken for the safety of the passing pedestrian as well as for the workmen are virtually nil. A misstep or a slip of the hand may at any time send a huge block of stone or a heavy timber crashing down upon the person in the street. Where the ordinary safeguard of a scaffolding across the sidewalk is observed, usually it is a flimsy structure and almost always is it unlighted at night, so that the passenger, if he is not wary, goes stumbling over broken boards and falling into holes, at the imminent risk of breaking his leg or his neck. Until recently there was one of these traps in no less a populous part of the city than Herald square.

For an illuminating exposition of the dangers from speedy elevators and revolving doors one had best take a journey through the financial district in the heart of the business day, when traffic is at its highest tide. It takes a hardy venture to get inside one of the big office buildings, with men and boys rushing in and out at such a pace that the flying doors are never at a standstill. If you are not careful to a degree a terrific blow from one of these whirling monsters may be your portion, or if you are more lucky you may be merely wedged in between the doors and bruised and scraped a bit. As to the elevators with their "express" service and their struggling crowds, enough accidents have been recorded to settle that question.

"This subject of accidents," said Dr. Strong, who has made a study of it, "is rapidly increasing in importance, because casualties are multiplying with the progress of industrial civilization. Modern life is more and more beset by artificial perils. We are building higher and traveling faster. We discover more powerful explosives and make greater use of powerful chemicals, which liberate noxious gases. In prosecuting the mechanical arts we are relying more and more on natural forces, which are as yet but imperfectly controlled. We are daily inventing perils of life and limb of which our forefathers knew nothing."

"There are young men of eighteen years who, when they enter certain branches of the steel business, for instance, impose upon themselves a sentence of death in ten years. In the pottery works in New Jersey the men who handle white lead are supposed to live only two years, and their places are taken by others. It has been said that a certain number of accidents cannot be foreseen. This is undoubtedly true, but the question naturally arises: Is it necessary that so many lives should be sacrificed? The comparison of European records with our scant ones show that a great proportion of industrial accidents are wholly needless."

"It costs too much to be a white man, as the Indian said. The cost of our civilization in human life is entirely too high, and much of it is an unnecessary cost. Americans are careless of life and limb, both on their own account and as employers. They take risks everywhere, for they believe every one is competent to take care of himself and any interest in public safety is regarded as more or less of an interference."

## RUNNING FOR TRAINS.

"Our government is not sufficiently paternalistic to take things into account which would be promptly handled in European countries. If a man in New York runs for a train and catches it or is dragged aboard at the last minute its looked upon as his own affair. Let him do such a thing in Paris or Berlin, and he will be seized by a man in uniform and probably looked up for risking his life."

Even if he succeeds in getting aboard, as likely as not he will be captured and taken back to be dealt with by the authorities for his foolhardiness.

"It has been said by a banker that it seems to be cheaper to kill men than to protect them. This, however, is an error. Most of the men killed by accident are either young or in early middle age. The young men are beginning to pay society back for the cost of rearing them, while the others usually have families of young children dependent on them. It has been estimated that industrial accidents in the United States cost annually \$348,000,000.

"If fifty-three thousand persons were killed in one hour at one place the whole world would be shocked and from every place on earth would go forth offers of aid and sympathy to those who were bereaved. Because the fifty-three thousand violent deaths in a year in the United States are distributed over more time, the sorrow of those who are related to those who have died is none the less poignant, and the loss, although distributed, is none the less a heavy burden on society."

"Economic considerations, however, are secondary. Men are more than things. What we need in this country is to be more deeply impressed with the sanctity of human life. We are far behind other nations in that respect."

"To call the attention of the country to the means by which lives may be safeguarded has long been the purpose of the Institute of Social Service. Prevention is better than compensation or charity. We commend the common sense of those who build a fence at the top of a precipice more than we admire the philanthropy of those who keep an ambulance at the bottom."

Only two kinds of accidents are reported with reasonable accuracy in this country—those which occur in railroading and those in coal mining. It is shown by the census of 1900 that in that year there were reported 57,513 deaths by accident and violence in this country. The number of non-fatal accidents was, of course, many times greater.

Our industries, for considering the matter of accident, may be divided into four great groups—mining, railroading, manufacturing and building. The only statistics which guide us with regard to mining are those which pertain to the coal industry. The Interstate Commerce Commission gathers reliable figures concerning railway accidents. Only a few figures are available in the manufacturing interests, and the casualties which result from building operations, some of which are perilous, are not represented by any tabulations.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, has said that in the anthracite mines alone two persons are killed each working day and five are injured. This statement is borne out by the fact that in the anthracite region in a recent year there were 461 fatal accidents and 1,000 non-fatal accidents. Including all the coal fields, and taking one year with another, 1,500 men lay down their lives annually and 3,000 suffer injury in order to supply us with coal.

## THE RAILROAD DEATH RATE.

Returns of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that in the year ending June 30, 1904, there were 10,047 persons killed and 84,155 injured on the railways in the United States. Of these 70,699 were employees, of whom 3,632 were killed and 67,067 injured. The greater part of the remaining casualties were suffered by trespassers, of whom 5,105 were killed and 5,194 injured. It is to be presumed that for accidents to persons classified as trespassers the railways were in no sense responsible.

There are no adequate statistics concerning accidents in factories or in the building trades, but it is a well known fact that the construction of a modern building is fraught with many dangers. Comparison is of aid here. There were in 1904, in France, 212,755 industrial accidents, not including those of mines and railways. When we bear in mind that we are more careless of life and limb than are the French and that our population is more

than twice as large as that of France there can be little doubt that our manufacturing and building accidents together aggregate at least 425,000 a year. Including mining casualties, 5,100, and railway accidents, 94,300, we have a total of 524,000 as the probable minimum number of industrial accidents in the United States in a single year.

How do these figures compare with those of wars? The entire losses of the Japanese army in killed and wounded in the Russo-Japanese war were 153,652; those of the Russians were 180,134, a total of 333,786. These figures do not include the loss of life in sea fights, which, however, would add only a few thousand. They do not include loss of life from illness.

Records of the War Department show that in the Civil War the total number of those killed on both sides was 150,000. Comparing this with the number of those who are killed in the United States, on the basis of the census of 1900, we find that in these piping times of peace the country kills in four years eighty thousand more persons than all who fell in battle or died from wounds on both sides in the War of the Rebellion. Our peaceful vocations cost more lives every two days than all we lost in our war with Spain. It has been pointed out that the coal fields of Pennsylvania furnish an industrial Bull Run.

We are killing more than twice as many every year as perished by violence in both the French and English armies in the Crimean war. There are more killed and wounded on our railroads every year than were slain in the Boer war on both sides in three years.

What is the answer? Is it not alone that we are travelling too fast or is it also that our fragile bodies, subject to the whim of circumstance and all the evil winds that blow, are not able to maintain the pace?

## A Novel Substitute.

An electrical substitute for the pneumatic tube is on trial by the Berlin postal authorities, with promising results. It consists of miniature electric trains running automatically in a tunnel. Each train consists of a locomotive and three cars, and the double-track tunnel in which it runs is six feet wide by two and one-half high, with a trench between the two tracks deep enough for a man to walk in. The current is taken from a conductor running along the tunnel roof, and the trains run quiet automatically, stopping by means of electric brakes on reaching their destinations. A block system prevents collisions. This system has been actually in use, on an experimental section of the track, for some time; and if it is successful, as it seems now likely to be, it will probably be introduced into other European cities.

## SIGNS OF LONG LIFE.

Every person, according to a medical writer, bears physical indications of his prospects of a long or short life. "The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The blue or brown hazel eyes, as showing an intermixture of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils, if large, open and free, indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs."

## Seedless and Coreless Pear.

Albert I. Mason, a Washington orchardist, claims to have produced a seedless and coreless pear. The coreless apple is no longer a wonder and the seedless orange has been thoroughly established. Mr. Mason has a tree six years old that bore 30 pounds of the fruit the last season. The pears are of the size of the Bartlett, of deep yellow and delicate flavor. The flesh is finely grained and is solid—*Ex.*



Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1908.  
EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1034 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us—  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

MISSISSIPPI.

From the Jackson News, Oct. 29, 1908.

Expert Accountant Chas. J. Moore has finished the work of checking up the books of the Deaf and Dumb Institute and submitted his report to Gov. Noel, together with several exhibits, etc. The report is a very complimentary one, and is as follows:

HON. E. F. NOEL,  
Governor of the State of Mississippi  
and Chairman ex-officio of the  
Board of Trustees of the Missis-  
sippi Institute for the Education  
of the Deaf and Dumb, Jackson,  
Miss.

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your instructions, I have made an examination of the books of the Mississippi Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, beginning October 1st, 1904, and closing September 30th, 1908, and I beg to submit the following report and exhibits.

The auditing committee, composed of three members of the board of trustees of this institution, makes a very close examination of all vouchers once a month, and as this work seems to be done very carefully and correctly, I did not make an examination of all vouchers myself; I did, however, select vouchers for a few months at random and check them against the books and found same to agree.

The books and records of this institution are systematically and neatly kept and there are very few errors in the work. More than ordinary pride seems to be taken in having the records kept in good shape, and the books clearly exhibit, at all times, the status of affairs of the institution. Vouchers are filed conveniently, any voucher desired can be instantly found.

Warrants have been drawn to the amount of \$208,865.17 during the period under audit (October 1st, 1904, September 30th, 1908) and there has been received from other sources \$2,301, making a total of \$211,166.21, all of which is accounted for as follows:

Overdraft to begin, Oct. 1, 1908, \$ 138.82  
Cash returned to treasury, 55.77  
Disbursed through various funds, 210,965.82  
Balance on hand Sept. 30, 1908, 228.06  
Total, \$211,166.17

The books of this institution have been well kept, as has been previously mentioned, but I respectfully submit drawings for two forms which I think will greatly aid to the efficiency of the system now in vogue.

For full information as to my examination of the books of this institution I respectfully refer you to the attached exhibits, etc.

During the course of this examination I was given free access to all books and vouchers desired, and I wish to thank Supt. Dobyns and the bookkeeper, Miss Johnson, for the courtesies shown me while at work in their office.

I wish to commend the superintendent, the bookkeeper and the auditing committee, upon their work.

Trusting that you will call on me for any information you may desire that is not contained in this report and exhibit, and assuring you that it will give me great pleasure to procure same for you, I am,

Most respectfully yours,  
CHAS. J. MOORE,  
Accountant.

At the Service held Friday evening, October 23d, at St. Paul's Church, Canton, Diocese of Ohio, the Rev. Austin W. Mann administered Baptism to Kenneth Granville, son of John Franklin and Lena Georgia Weekel. An the following Sunday, at St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Baptism was administered to Jean Fleming Taylor, Margaret Florence Hilpert and Robert Rollins. The Baptisms were reported for record in the Parish Register of Trinity Church, from Pittsburg, Mr. Mann proceeded northward to meet the silent folk of Oil City and Erie at worship.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Dr. Gallaudet continues to improve in Johns Hopkins Hospital, and his physicians state that he will probably be strong enough to return to Kendall Green the latter part of the week.

By repeated use of the forward pass, at which they proved fairly expert, the foot-ball team representing the Agricultural Department clerks defeated Gallaudet's Reserves, Tuesday, October 27th, on Garlie Field, by the score of 16 to 11. The game was characterized by poor plays, the Reserves having a hand in most of them, especially when attempting the forward pass. But the boys worked hard and did their best for Gallaudet; Holmes and Thibodeau did some good line bucking, and all did well at tackling. Their one weakness was the difficulty they found in blocking the forward pass work of the Department boys, and their inability to successful use this play themselves.

Near the end of the game, Battiste got possession of the ball after an opponent had carried it outside and there had fumbled, and, not hearing the Referee call the ball dead, ran the length of the field for a touchdown that would have won the game. This was the only sensational play of the game, and it's too bad it was not legally made.

The line up follows:—

GALLAUDET	Pos.	AGRICULTURAL DEPT.
Morris	L. E.	Williams
Battiste	L. T.	Bosley
Grace	L. G.	Dalmer
Fleeson	C.	Dos
Poshusta	R. G.	Billings
Campbell	R. E.	Donaldson
Schaefer	R. E.	Morton
Henry	Q. B.	Atkinson
Riley	R. H. B.	Lewis
Holmes	R. H. B.	Jones
Thibodeau	P. B.	Davis

Referee—Reiter, Gallaudet.

Friday the Reserves played a practice game with a team composed of neighborhood boys, defeating them easily by the score of 20 to 0.

Coach Reiter went home Thursday to remain until after Tuesday's election.

The Literary Society held its regular meeting in the chapel Friday night, Vice-President Dillon in the chair. The regular delegation of visitors from the East Wing was absent, the Halloween Party offering more excitement. In spite of this, a very good program was given. Mr. Scheneman, '08, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Buffalo Bill, the last of the Scouts." The lecturer attempted to give us a true account of this man, about whose adventures life so many false tales are in circulation. A debate, "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote," was next given. Messrs. Harris, '12, and Edmiston, I. C., supported the affirmative side; Anderson, '12, and Handley, I. C., the negative. The judges decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. Toomey, '10, and Byrne, '11, gave a humorous dialogue entitled "Quackery," which was greatly enjoyed. Mr. West, '12, signed in a very pleasing manner, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The critic's report ended the program.

Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Wyand, '02, preached a strong sermon on "The Immortality of Influence," in the college chapel. The attendance was greatly diminished on account of a large number of the boys going to hear the celebrated "Gypsy Smith," in Convention Hall.

The Carlisle-Navy game at Annapolis, Saturday, drew quite a number of the College boys from the city. There being no game scheduled, the first team went over in a body, thinking to improve their team work by observing a first class game. A good time was had notwithstanding as well as at the game.

The officers of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity for the College year are: Grand Rajah, Bro. Robert Lee Davis, '09; Kamos, Bro. Arthur Dillon, '10; Tahdeed, Bro. Fred O'Donnell, '09; Mukhtar, Bro. Walter Poshusta, '09; Ibu Phil-laken, Bro. Walter Bell, '11; Ibu Ahmad, Bro. Philip Cadwell, '10; Et Tebreze, Bro. Jno. Hower, '11; Eth Thaaliber, Bro. Hower Grace, '11; Abbah Tekoth, Bro. Morton Henry, '09. Committee on Initiation, Bros. Davis, Preston, Toomey and Talbert. Committee on Probation, Bros. Dillon, Henry, Craven and Cadwell. Committee on Banquet, Bros. Hall, Hower and Morris. Committee on Entertainment, Bros. O'Donnell, Poshusta and Talbert. Officers of the "Frat Pamphlet": Bro. Fred O'Donnell, Editor-in-chief; Bro. Homer Grace, Associate; Bro. Elmer Talbert, Associate.

Through an error on the correspondent, the O. W. L. S. program was not published last week. An apology is tendered the young ladies with its publication now:

LECTURE—Mr. Hall.  
DIALOGUE—"The Witch of Venusia."  
Glaucus.....Miss Thiesen, '10  
Jones.....Miss Linbury, '10  
The Witch.....Miss Fitzgerald, '10  
READING—"The Holy Cross."  
.....Miss Roath, '10  
TABLEAU—"A Cingalese Wedding."  
Gwyn.....Miss Hayward, '12  
Bride.....Miss Gillman, '10  
Priest.....Miss Streby, '09

Witness No. 1.....Miss Nicholson, '10  
Witness No. 2.....Miss Anderson, '12  
Witness No. 3.....Miss Newman, '11  
Witness No. 4.....Miss Fossan, '11  
Witness No. 5.....Miss Jensen, '12  
DECLARATION—"The Arrow and the Song"  
.....Miss Pike, '11  
CRITIC'S REPORT—Miss Levick, '09.  
USHERS—Misses Fandrem, '12; Jen-son, '09; '12, and Sharp, '12

Miss Fitzgerald, '10, was called suddenly to her home in California last Thursday.

The "gym" opened last Monday, with Miss Streby, '09, and Miss Gillman, '10, as teachers. The girls are all anxious to play basketball. The teams this year will be much better than last, for all the older girls and almost all the new girls expect to play. Moreover, all have played before and that helps a great deal.

The Halloween party given by the Jollity Club, Friday, October 30th, was a success in every particular. For the occasion the Library was beautifully decorated with Jack-o' Lanterns and other emblems of the season. The party took the form of a masquerade, for among those who attended was a colored mammy and her niece, a lady from China, several ghosts, and two country boys who did not know better than to attend a party in overalls and straw hats.

If all the fortunes told that night come true, it is doubtful if there will be a girl left in College next year.

In a contest Miss Jameson received first prize—life membership in the Ananias Club—for telling the biggest lie. (*Ora pro e!*) Miss Wilcox received the booby prize. Miss Wallace got the first prize for guessing the nearest correct number of kernels on an ear of corn, Miss Lewis getting the booby.

For refreshments, banana salad, fig sandwiches, cider, chestnuts and apples were served.

The party ended with a battle between the two country boys for the fair hand of Miss Fay. The sweet boy with the fair hand and blue eyes won.

Misses Johnson, '09, Thiessen, '10, Haywood, '12, deserve much credit for their work as committee of the party.

The Jollity Club is to give a play called "Brass Buttons," on November 28th. No admission will be charged.

T. L. A., '12.

Denver, Col.

A very enjoyable Halloween party was given by the Denver Association of the Deaf, at its halls in Charles Building, on the 28th of October. This party was the best ever given by the Association. Nearly every member attended the party. Quite a number of the members' friends attended the party. All who were present were in costume. During the evening several games were indulged in. The feature of the evening was a web game in which everybody received some sort of a souvenir. After the games, Miss Drumm was awarded a handkerchief by a popular vote. Miss Drumm represented Mother Goose. For the gentlemen, Mr. Max J. Kestner was awarded neckwear, for being most comical. Later on a lunch of Coney Island sandwiches and coffee was served to the members and guests. It was pretty late when everybody started for home. Miss Drumm, who had charge of the party, deserves great credit for making the party a big success. She was ably assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Lessley. Mr. Lessley is president, and Miss Drumm treasurer of the Denver Association.

The Five-hundred is now the rage among the members of the Denver Association. A club of those who can play the Five-hundred is being formed. There are about twenty members. Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Dixon will have the honor of being the first to entertain the club at their residence, on the 7th of November. Each member will entertain the club by turns.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kent are daily expecting Dr. S. T. Walker from the east. Dr. Walker was, until recently, Superintendent of the Louisiana School for the Deaf. He was compelled by ill health to resign his position. Dr. Walker is expected to stay in Denver for several days and go to Colorado Springs for a short stay. He will then go on to California and stay there until he regains his health. If the writer is not mistaken, Dr. Walker was at one time a principal of the Colorado School of the Deaf.

Report has just reached Denver that Mr. Edwin Pyle died of typhoid fever at his home in Marshalltown, Iowa. Mr. Pyle was a resident of Denver several years ago. During the time he lived in Denver he made quite a number of friends. His many friends will receive the sad news with sorrow.

Mr. Adolph Peterson has just received an offer from one of the printing offices of Sterling, Colo., to take charge of the office. He will probably accept the offer.

Mr. Louis Jacoby, who is now in St. Louis, will be home in time to take part in the election.

October 29, 1908.

Mrs. Geneviva Mendez, relict of Josias D. Mendez, who died recently, has been taken to a hospital for the insane at Trenton, N. J.

BOSTON.

Years ago, while attending a suburban church, "A" was wont to notice and admire the special faithfulness of one member. Always at the door, with a smile and a kind word, alike for newcomers and old; the treasurer of the society, looking after the funds as faithfully as he looked after the people:—"A" fell inclined to call him "the guardian angel of the church."

Frequenters of the Boston Society will readily see in all this a type of the genial Fred Wood, who, year in and year out, is faithfully at his post, be the congregations large or small, looking after the comfort of each.

This we have all appreciated, and when it was rumored that Mr. Wood's twentieth wedding anniversary would occur on the ninth of October, and a testimonial was proposed, the response was quick and unanimous.

Of Mr. Wellington's splendid management in such affairs we have had many an experience. Therefore, when Mr. Wood's absence one Sunday—whether accidental or designed we never found out—permitted Mr. Wellington to go about with a subscription paper, we promptly put down our names.

Saturday evening, the tenth of October, was fixed upon for the grand surprise, and half-past seven found the corner of Savin Hill and Dorchester Avenues alive with a happy and expectant crowd. Not alone from greater Boston, but from Lowell, Salem, Beverly, Haverhill, Everett, Somerville, and other places, came Mr. Wood's classmates and friends, all unknown to himself, to do him honor. Mr. Carlisle, of Bangor, Maine, with his fine young son, was among the invited guests, and when the line of march was formed, it received constant accessions from all points of the compass.

Arrived at Mr. Wood's comfortable house, we were quietly ushered into the dark parlor, where we remained until the "surprise-trap" could be sprung. Mrs. Wood had been told that two ladies were coming to play whist with her, and she supposed the summons to the parlor was merely to see them. When she found the "two" multiplied into a small army of fifty or so, which increased to seventy before the evening closed, her surprise was genuine and her pleasure seemed to keep pace with it. Had all the addresses been known, there would have been a number larger still, but those present were a fine class of people, of whom relatives of the family spoke highly.

We had just time for mutual greetings before there came a general summons to the dining-room, where a white cloth, with suspicious mounds under it, was thrown over the table. A brief presentation speech was made by Mr. Wellington, and then our gift was "unveiled." It was not a statue, but something of equal beauty and greater usefulness—well befitting a "chain wedding"—an elegant tea-set white, its only ornament a wreathed border of delicate gold. It numbered fifty-six pieces, came from the well-known firm of Jones, McDuffee & Statton, and is a possession of which any housekeeper might be proud. No wonder the charming woman to whom it was presented was overcome for the moment, and could not restrain tears of joy. Mr. Wood gracefully acknowledged the gift on behalf of both; Mr. Bigelow said a few bright words; and the tension was quickly relieved, so that smiles followed tears, and general good feeling prevailed.

Later in the evening, we were treated to dainty refreshments of ice-cream and cake, and then followed the inevitable camera. A little more social talk, and we separated, after a gathering voted by everybody to be flawless in arrangement, and replete with pleasure.

One week later, on the seventeenth of October, some of the people present at this surprise, with the addition of others who brought the total up to seventy-two, assembled at the New England Home in Everett. The occasion was the first "Donation Day" for that institution. This idea—a new one in Boston—was brought by Mrs. Bowden from Philadelphia, and to her fine executive ability, and the hearty co-operation of her assistants, its success is largely due. The result far surpassed her expectations, and is worth giving in detail, since it shows the interest and ambition for this valuable institution now growing among the New England deaf—are interest and ambition, which is sure to react favorably upon themselves.

Among the larger gifts of money received on Donation Day were those of \$100.00 from the Granite State Mission, \$50.00 from Mrs. Fairman, of Worcester, and \$10.00 from Mr. Fairman. Money in smaller sums was also given by the following people:

Rev. and Mrs. Roekie, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, Worcester; Miss Eliza A. Edwards, Worcester; Prof. Abel S. Clark, Hartford; Miss Caroline A. Yale, Northampton; Mr. William Abbott, Stoneham; Mr. Henry A. Chapman, Salem; Miss Sarah Chapman, Salem; Miss Betsy Gray, Salem; Mrs. Samuel S. Cross, Beverly; Mrs. Frank Roberts, Boston; Newton friends, through Miss Ella D. Moore.

Groceries, including flour, sugar, tea, coffee and cereals, were given by fourteen people. Their names are as follows:

Mrs. Ira Blanchard, West Somerville; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Beverly; Miss Helena Bowden, Beverly; Mrs. Carter, West Somerville; Mr. Fairman, Worcester; Mrs. Gardner, Worcester; Mrs. Holmes, Cambridge; Mr. D. Carey, Cambridge; Mrs. Moore, Newton; Mrs. W. J. Rudolph, Boston; Mrs. Wheeler, Cambridge; Mrs. Peterson, Boston; Mrs. Hunter, Boston; Mrs. Wood, Boston.

Vegetables were also a prominent donation, being brought or sent by: Mr. Frank W. Bigelow, Boston; Mr. Charles Burrill, Swampscott; Mr. and Mrs. Derby, South Weymouth; Mr. Goldsmith, Cambridgeport; Mrs. F. Morgan, Salem; Mr. Frank Trout, Beverly Farms; Mrs. Perry, Boston; Miss Jennings, Boston.

Eleven ladies contributed rolls, bread, cake and pies, including: Mrs. Beecher, and Mrs. Bigelow, Boston; Mrs. Bowden, Beverly; Mrs. Chapman, Salem; Mrs. Converse, Medford; Mrs. Frisbee, Everett; Mrs. Morgan, Salem; Mrs. Roberts, Boston; Mrs. Rudolph, Boston; Mrs. Soper, Salem; Mrs. Wright, Reading.

Preserves and jellies of tempting appearance, and doubtless of luscious taste were furnished by six: Mrs. Boullier, Lynn; Mrs. Burrill, Swampscott; Mrs. Chapman, Salem; Miss Richardson, Newburyport; Miss Rife, Newburyport; Mrs. Wise, Amesbury.

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The largest contribution in the line of fruit was a barrel of apples from Mr. Eugene Wood, of Boston. A basket of grapes was brought by Mrs. Heyer; several serviceable hats by Mrs. Chase, of Lowell; table-mats by Miss Ayres, of Worcester; towels by Miss Minnie Price, of Fairhaven, Mrs. Charles Thumth, of Newburyport, and Mrs. Gilpatrick, of Worcester. The latter lady also contributed pillow-slips.

This generous response to her appeal gave Mrs. Bowden both pride and delight, and she begs to assure all these people of her gratitude. A great effort has been made to include the names of all the fifty or more contributors, and if any one is left out, they will please understand that it was not an intentional omission.

As will be seen by the foregoing list, quite a number were contributors to more than one department. The total value, aside from cash donations, amounted to about forty dollars. All the contributions were arranged, with great taste and neatness, on two tables in the parlor, making a really beautiful display. The cake and pie were sold at auction by Mr. Soper, thus adding something to the admission and supper fees, and the sale of post-cards by Mrs. Pattee. These last were the contribution of Mr. James C. Burbank, a noted orator and Northampton graduate, who printed two hundred as souvenirs, with a picture of the Home on one side, the proceeds of their sale to be his own personal donation. A large number were sold on the spot, and we understand that they are still obtainable from Mr. Bigelow and Mrs. Pattee, at the usual rate of two for five cents.

From all these various sources the sum of thirty dollars in cash was realized, which, added to the donations of food and the larger gifts already named, brings the total up to one hundred and ninety dollars, certainly a good showing. Mr. Edwin A. Frisbee further gladdened our hearts by the statement that he had raised over two hundred dollars toward the payment of debts, coal, groceries, etc.

The supper, managed by Mesdames Burrill and Soper, was fine, and well patronized, and the refreshments served free in the evening were dainty and delicate. Probably the low price of admission, ten cents, and of the supper, fifteen and twenty cents, attracted many, in A's opinion, and from the experience she has had, it pays better to have a large number at a low price than a small number at a high one. Under such an arrangement, there can be no complaint of high charges, and more is left for direct donations. In this case, every one seemed satisfied, and all were unanimous in their vote to have a larger and better entertainment and contribution next year.

Meanwhile, we must all take hold and work earnestly for the next thing on the list, the Fair, which has been decided to hold at the Home, on the twenty-second of next February. The names of the committee will be given some time before that date, but it would be a good plan to begin work at once. Please, ladies who are friendly to the Home, use your active brains, your spare minutes, and your busy fingers, in planning and making pretty and useful things for our fair. Remember that in such work you will "serve three," the Home, the Master, and yourselves. Let us each do our part, and the fair will go beyond the Donation Day.

Sunday attendance at the Boston Society still continues to show a high rate of increase, the weekly

average since the opening in September being thirty-five. Mr. Carlisle was with us October 11th, and Prof. Clarke, October 18th.

Their seems to be a fondness on the part of this year's preachers for Paul and David. Messrs. Bryant and Carlisle both preached about them, the latter using Paul as an illustration of envy, and David as proving the truth of that most comforting text:—"For the Lord God is a sun and shield." He reminded us how often, on the verge of great disaster or wrong doing, an invisible hand seems to snatch us back.

Mr. Carlisle impresses us always as a thoroughly Christian man. His message is ever good and true, but more than the message is the man behind it. We hear many reports of his fine Biblical knowledge, and the great help it is to the deaf of Bangor. His repetition of hymns always gives point to his discourse. Those of October 11th were:—"Come, my soul, thou must be waking," and the old, but never outworn "God moves in a mysterious way."

Something in the line of this last hymn was the discourse of Prof. Clark on the following Sunday, taking up the world-old problem as old as the days of Job—*Why* are things as they are? Why do the wicked prosper, and the righteous suffer? Why is there such inequality in the world? Especially, why is there such difference of opportunity? Some seem to succeed without effort. Others have visions of success, but fail. Men are born and envied differently, but there is "a chance somehow for all men." There is opportunity to do good to all—in the crowd, to neighbors, to those we casually meet. Opportunity means responsibility. All have the opportunity to come into the joy and peace of Christian fellowship. You may have in your life heavy trials, pressing problems, few opportunities, but be patient; trust and hope, and the solution will come in another life, if not here.

An audience of sixty-eight greeted Prof. Clark, and about half that number listened to Mrs. Bowden, on the 24th of October. Her excellent words on good and bad influence, and the graceful sign-reading of her daughter Helena, were much appreciated by those present.

There have been other pleasant things to chronicle of late. A second time has the household of our old friend, Mr. Carlton Underwood, been visited by the stork, and he is now the proud papa of two boys.

Miss Rosa Katon became a bride on the tenth of October and is now Mrs. Fenwick. With her husband, she was present at the Home, October 17th, and the transformation power of happiness was plainly visible. May it long continue.

Mr. George C. Sawyer and family have removed to Norwood, where Mr. Sawyer has a fine job, and they are blessed with a beautiful home.

Others news must await my next letter.

A.

BOSTON, Oct., 30, 1908.

Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M. November 22d, Holy Communion.

NOVEMBER 8TH.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M.

St. Matthew's Church, West 84th St., N. Y., near 8th Ave., 11 A.M., special service interpreted by Dr. Chamberlain. St. Ann's Choir will also assist. Deaf-Mutes are cordially invited.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3535 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SHANE COPPIN, Pastor. Afternoon service, at 3:30 P.M. Bible Class meets at 4 o'clock. Gymnasium and Reading Room are open to the members and their friends every Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock.

Church Service suspended during the summer months.

Notice about re-opening will be issued after October 15th.

Address all communications to the President, Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter, 32 West 60th Street, New York City.

FANWOOD.

On Saturday evening, October 31st, the members of the Fanwood Literary Association were entertained by the Advanced Manual Male Class with a very interesting program, which consisted of a discussion and an entertainment. Dr. Fox, president of the Association, presided at the meeting, and the program was as follows:

I. Discussion, "Which of the Presidential Candidates is preferable and why." In favor of Mr. Debs, Socialist, Charles H. Miller. In favor of Mr. Taft, Republican, Frank M. Nimmo. In favor of Mr. Hagen, Independent, Henry H. Brauer. In favor of Mr. Bryan, Democrat, Frank T. Lux.

II. Halloween Fantasy, by the Class.

The discussion was won by Mr. Miller, who scored 43 points in favor of Debs, Socialist, and Mr. Nimmo had 16 points to Taft's credit. Mr. Brauer succeeded in piling up only 7 points for Hagen, Independent, while Mr. Lux made 10 points, upholding Bryan.

The discussion was very interesting, and as the rivals were allowed to appear on the platform for discussion only once, they had much ado to get points—as many as they could—before five minutes were passed.

The Halloween Fantasy was given in the form of an entertainment, in which Mr. Wm H. Aufort appeared as the witch, Mr. H. Lieber as the Chinaman, Mr. E. Dennis as the Irish brick carrier, Mr. H. Brauer as the Pretty Girl, Mr. Wm. Wron as the Fashionable Maiden, Mr. Wm. Krieger as the Lawyer, Mr. A. Schoenewaldt as the Ball Player, Mr. S. Zimmerman as the Jewish Peddler, Mr. G. K. S. Gompers as the Fat Nigger Lady.

It was indeed with difficulty that we could penetrate their identity in their funny roles as they appeared. Mr. Aufort was the foremost one, who did much in the entertainment, such as telling fortunes, grinning like a witch, applying electrical displays, etc.

Mr. Wren, as the maiden, looked so pretty in the gown, that we almost could have sworn it was a real girl, and so did Mr. Brauer whose actions resembled the other sex's.

Tears of laughing and "side-achings" followed the actions of Mr. Gompers, whose dress and form would hardly permit him to go through any door, and his gesticulations were so funny that no word can be found to express what to say of them.

One by one, all appeared on the rostrum, and after knocking, would enter where the witch was playing cards on the floor, and after paying their fees, would have their fortunes told by the witch. An owl was seen whose eyes lighted up with electricity, worked out by Mr. Aufort, and it was through the owl that he feigned to impart fortunes.

On the whole, the entertainment was very fine and just the very one to be given on Halloween. It must be said that the scenery was prepared by Mr. Aufort, whose efforts we very much appreciated.

We are glad to say that Mr. Principal Currier is here now, after nearly a month's stay in Roosevelt Hospital. He was brought in a carriage from the hospital to the school last Friday morning, and a few of the pupils were lucky enough to see him and received salutes from him. However, Mr. Currier is not at his work yet, but is confined to his room.</



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The following are excerpts from "Parish Notes," the monthly published by St. Matthew's Church, to whose Parish St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes belongs:

"The Parish of St. Matthew's has not alone the work which immediately surrounds the Parish Church, but that also of the Chapel, situated on 148th Street West, on Washington Heights. Here one of the most unique and most necessary churchly and charitable works in the city goes on. It is too good to neglect and too appealing to be careless about, since it is the one work in the metropolis in which the deaf-mutes have their own building and organization. If any one should question the worth of this work an attendance at the afternoon service upon any Sunday would correct so erroneous an impression. We are privileged to have this work as our own, and therefore for its sake and the sake of the greater Church on 84th Street, we write to invite co-operation on the part of every one who is drawn to worship with us."

"For some time past a crying need of St. Ann's Chapel has been a better lighting plan. The gas now in use is of so bad a quality, and the jets so ill-placed in the nave and chancel, that not alone is the decoration of the walls being ruined, but the light produced is an entirely inadequate one. A year or so ago the entire chapel was beautifully painted and decorated, to the no small pleasure of the worshippers. To-day this decoration is being seriously damaged, and will be irreparably injured if a remedy is not speedily forthcoming to prevent the mischief. Such a remedy is, of course, the installation of the electric light, at once so cleanly and so satisfactory as an illuminant. The congregation has asked for this, and during the summer the committee on St. Ann's, of which Doctor J. Howard Reed is Chairman, has spent much time and labor upon the consideration of different systems of lighting and the several propositions and estimates of contractors. At the vestry meeting held on the 5th inst. (the first of the season) the committee's report was presented, recommending a contract which will cost in installation and fixtures the sum of \$350. This figure was deemed reasonable and the committee given power to proceed with the work."

All told, one hundred and seventy-five persons were at the Bridge Board Party held under the auspices of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, in the vestry rooms of Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim, 72d Street and Lexington Avenue, on Saturday evening last. It is amazing, to say the least, that while six organizations of the deaf had events on the same evening, we found that it was a record crowd. Bridge Board now becomes the fad among mutedom, and there are many who asked that the same party be repeated some time later, as it proved exciting as well as profitable.

Games over, refreshments were served. The excellent coffee made every one ask for more. Misses Smalovitz, Sablow, Fink and Lipsky, lent their assistance in serving all with refreshments, and all enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Credit is due to the Entertainment Committee for their efforts in making the affair a grand success.

Should we have another large crowd on December 12th, with the "Rolling Ball Party," as the event, the Entertainment Committee will have to look for a hall in order to accommodate them comfortably.

The winners crowned with prizes were: First prize, Mr. L. Baker, cuckoo clock; first prize, Miss Koplick, cuckoo clock; second prize, Max Miller, stein; second prize, Miss Lipsky, cracker jar; the above in the bridge board on the floor. First prize, Mr. L. Hyams, oil painting picture and frame; second prize, Mr. M. Heyman, puff-box, both in bridge board on table.

The next event will be a lecture, and other literary topics yet to be announced. It will take place in the Auditorium of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, 92d Street and Lexington Avenue, on Saturday evening, November 21st, 1908.

The most important event in sight, is that we will have a "Charity Ball" to take place some time during 1909-10. The committee elected to push the project are: Messrs. Marcus L. Kenner (Chairman), A. C. Bachrach, Seymour A. Gomprecht, Emil Basch and Max Levy. With them rests the responsibility to engineer that so-called large affair and a large hall is being sought, probably at the Grand Central Place. Announcements will be made later on the last page of this paper.

The Metropolitan Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, met last Saturday evening at

the residence of Dr. T. F. Fox, and agreed to have a dinner on the evening of Gallaudet Day—December 10th.

About eighteen members were present, and three news ones were admitted—Misses Teegarden and Thomason and Samuel Cohen.

Considerable business was transacted. Letters of sympathy and congratulation were ordered sent to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and Prof. E. H. Currier upon their illness and the happy outcome of the serious surgical operations they had undergone. A minute of regret for the loss by death of Mr. Golding was adopted; and a memorial offering of flowers was contributed, to be placed on the altar of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on All Saints Day.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox was re-elected president of the Chapter, and Mr. W. W. Beadell again given the secretary's portfolio and the money bags of the treasury.

Dr. Fox facetiously appointed Mrs. Fox a committee of one on refreshments, and for the next hour all enjoyed one of those fine suppers for which Dr. and Mrs. Fox are famous. Before dispersing favors were distributed, representing a black cat on the moon with his back up and the fur and eyes adding to the effect of a quite peevish-looking feline.

Despite the terrible rain storm, on the evening of October 29th, the Hallow Eve Party of the Brooklyn Guild was a success.

Between thirty and forty attended, and enjoyed the games appropriate to the occasion. There was a donkey-tailing contest, bobbing for apples; and a bean-guessing match. Refreshments of coffee and cake were served.

The New York deaf who attended, besides Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, were the Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce, Lillie Lindhoff, Mr. T. F. Driscoll, W. L. Bowers and W. S. Abrams.

Over a hundred deaf-mutes attended the Hallowe'en Festivities at St. Ann's Church Guild Rooms, and the New Jersey Deaf were out in force at the New Auditorium in Newark, but details of both these affairs have not been sent in.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes was comfortably filled at the afternoon service on All Saints Day. The altar was completely smothered with beautiful floral offerings in memory of friends and relatives passed away. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated, assisted by lay-reader Driscoll. The choir of young ladies—Misses Alice E. Judge, Emma F. Caddy, Mary Brewer, Nettie Miller, and Mrs. John H. Keiser rendered the hymns with most impressive grace and cadence. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain preached an inspiring and eloquent sermon, on the text "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." He also officiated at the service of Holy Communion.

A Hallowe'en social was held in the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Saturday evening, October 31st. Over forty members and ladies attended the party. Several new games were played, and it was a success in every way. A dainty repast was served. Among the winners of various games were Mesdames Bothner, Kane and Changnon, and Messrs. Nuboer, Frankenhelm Gomprecht and Mann. The room was tastefully decorated. Messrs. E. F. Wolgamot, Chairman, Monae Lesser and Harry Gloistein, are the Committee on Entertainments who managed the party.

Miss Hattie Slattery, only child of Mr. and Mrs. William Slattery, of 18 S. Terrace Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., entertained a dozen of her young friends on her 10th birthday, the 16th, with enjoyable games, and dainty refreshments of ice cream, cake and many other goodies. Miss Hattie, the only child of deaf-mute parents, former graduates of Fanwood, is in full possession of all her bright senses, is getting a fine education in the schools of her native city, and is considered by her many friends, a fine specimen of little girlhood.

Some one lost an umbrella at the Friday evening service of the Hebrew Congregation, and a black ornamented beaded neck-chain at the Bridge-Broad Party. The owners can apply for same to President Louis A. Cohen, who usually attends service Friday evenings.

Mrs. O'Connell (nee Agnes Major) died on Wednesday, October 28th, at noon, of pneumonia. She was buried on Friday, October 30th. She was a refined and well educated young lady, and had only been married three months.

Mrs. Ernest Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, who has been in ill health since last Spring, has had a stroke of paralysis and is now in a hospital. Her sister, Mrs. Spink, visits her quite frequently.

E. W. H. Gibbs, of Brooklyn, passed his seventy-eighth birthday last month. He is almost blind and quite feeble.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Oct. 31, 1908—It was a fair-sized and appreciative audience that sat before Mr. Collins S. Sawhill last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Columbus Advance Society to witness the portroyal of his lecture "Paddle Your Own Canoe." The speaker was at his best—he always is when lecturing—and his rendering in clear, forcible gestures, carried with it the undivided attention of those present. He sandwiched his subject with a number of illustrations, thus adding interest thereto, and had he extended his talk to two hours instead of only one, no one would have been weary. A social function was to follow his address, and hence the time was limited. At his conclusion he was given a rising vote of thanks. Following it the assembly adjourned to the Girls' Recreation Hall, where a couple of hours were spent socially. Ice-cream, cake and salted peanuts were served the guests by a committee consisting of Messrs. Ohlemacher, Schwartz and Leib, assisted by Messrs. Burehman and Fryfogle. After paying expenses, the Home will be the richer by nearly \$16 from the lecture.

Mr. Sawhill, while in town, made his headquarters at Mr. and Mrs. Joe Leib's, on Ohio Avenue, but his inner man's cravings were looked after by others Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher, at their home on East Rich Street, gave a dinner in his honor, and also Miss Deborah Marshall, at which the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Leib. The menu was most excellent, reflecting credit on Mrs. Ohlemacher's skill in the preparation of good things. The evening was passed in story-telling, in which Mr. Sawhill and Miss Marshall came in for a good share. Miss Marshall's rendition of "Yankee Doodle," was captivating and much enjoyed. Sunday, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher's family and Mr. Leib, Mr. Sawhill visited the Home for Deaf, and gave a talk to the inmates, who greatly enjoyed it. He also made an inspection of the place, and was well pleased with all he saw. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Turner were old schoolmates of Mrs. Amelia Sawhill and Mr. Sawhill's uncle, hence his visit was the more pleasing to the Turners, as it brought back pleasant memories of the past. Mr. Sawhill left for Croaksville Wednesday morning, where he visited relatives for a few days and expected to be home again Saturday.

The other night Mr. Wm. Mayer, wearing with his day's work and having gone over several newspaper columns on the presidential contest, but no wiser thereafter as to which man will come out ahead, sought tired nature's sweet restoration. Carefully placing his trousers on a chair beside his bed, where he could get them upon jumping out of bed in the early morning, he retired and was soon in the land of dreams. Arising next morning he found said trousers missing from the place where he had them. A search in the closet was without result. Then his wife was consulted and she knew nothing about them. Other members of the family were questioned with no better results, and then an inspection of the door and windows of the room was made, and then a raised window told the story. Some intruder, while Willie was dreaming at his best, had raised the window, entered the room and carried off the missing article. Probably the thief thought Mr. Mayer carried plenty of the coin of the realm in his pantaloons pockets and was anxious to own some of it. However, all he found in them was fifty cents. The next day the garment was found on a neighboring porch, minus the fifty cents. The thief was considerate enough not to take the chewing tobacco that Willie carried in his hip pocket.

Mr. Frank Hibbs was late coming to the lecture of Mr. Sawhill, and when asked the cause, he gave out the news that he was detained at home by the arrival of an eight and a half pound boy that morning. He is a fine little fellow; he said both mother and child are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clum moved to 745 E. Mound Street this week, so as to be nearer to his place of work. As Miss Cloa Lamson makes her home in the family, friends will know where to address hereafter. Mr. and Mrs. Basil Grigsby also moved to-day, 346½ E. Main Street.

The Cincinnati Oral School Alumni gave a moving picture entertainment in the Vine Street Congregational Church last Saturday evening, which was much enjoyed. Financially it was a success and the Home for Deaf receives the benefit of it. The Cincinnati silent people are to be commended for the hearty help they are rendering the Home.

The South High School football team proved no match for the Independents in the game played last Saturday forenoon, for they were

defeated—27 to 4. Of the Independents, Wermer, Thomas, Tussing, and Homrighausen each made a touch down and Reiss a punt.

Miss Constance Carr, who graduated here last June and moved with her parents to Iowa, has returned to the city, having secured a situation, and will room with Mrs. Kolma Jansen Albert, at 768 Oak Street.

Miss Mary C. Bierce reached Columbus from Cleveland to-day and is stopping for a few days with the family of the writer. After visiting her sister, Mrs. Merriman, a short time in Circleville, she goes to Memphis, Tenn., to pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Grimm, of Akron are entertaining a little visitor, who arrived October 14th. They will name her Lena.

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

The first meeting of the National Literary Society this Fall was held October 7th, with quite a large attendance. Considerable business was transacted, and two new members, Rev. Mr. Whildin and Mrs. Marshall were admitted. It was decided to postpone the next meeting until November 11th, because of the expected absence from the city of quite a number of the members.

The literary program for the evening consisted of a lecture by Mr. A. F. Adams, and a declamation by Mrs. W. P. Souder. Mr. Adams gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Injunctions, dealing especially with those that apply to labor unions. He is well posted on such subjects, and it is to be regretted that lack of time prevented Mr. Adams from going more into detail.

Mrs. Souder declaimed Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," in a very graceful manner.

It is hoped that every member of the Society will be present at the next meeting, November 11th, at the usual time and place. A number of amendments to the rules are to be considered at that meeting, and it is quiet likely that other business of importance will be transacted.

Mr. Lien, ex '11, of Gallaudet, has found employment on Witlocke's dairy farm near Mt. Rainier, and he, Whitlocke, '97, and Williams, '08, are getting along nicely together.

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Roberts recently spent several days in Richmond and Alexandria, Va.

Quiet a number of Washingtonians employed by the Government are going home to vote. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Adams (Mrs. Adams does not go to vote, but to see that Mr. A. votes right) and Mr. W. P. Souder, who go to Iowa; Mr. E. E. Bernsdorf, who goes to his old home near Pittsburg; Messrs. H. C. Merrill and M. O. Roberts, who go to Minnesota; Mr. Wm. Pfander, who goes up to Connecticut; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lowell, who go to Illinois; and Mr. H. S. Edington, who journeys to Arkansas to cast his ballot.

There may be others who will go. Miss Engelman lost her place at Copeland's flag and awning factory, but it was not long before she found another position, and a better one, at Woodward & Lothrop's department store. Miss Hanberg is also employed in this store.

With the coming of Fall and the return of the folks who went away for the summer, things are "looking up." The Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Deaf-Mute Mission is planning to hold a sale soon, and it is possible that the National Literary Society will have a social of some kind before long.

### TO ZENO.

As with marble chips the floor is strewn by your ringing mallet's blows, Aphorisms descend from your pen carrying consternation to friends and foes; Like Knights of old who sallied forth full armed and panopied, You forth to fight come armed with fountain-pen and rhinoceros hide; Woe be it to the ill-starred wight who stirs bold Zeno's ire; Impaled soon is he by the trousers on the lance of your satire.

But take my advice, Zeno dear, leave out of your Federation scheme The State whose self-interest would make it the one weak beam;

For when self-interest comes in the corner—trouble will camp at the gate; And I tell you that self-interest is the keynote of the deaf of the Keystone State.

Subservient to leaders whose sole aim is but the glory of self, Who would sink the honor of the deaf for the impure gain of self, Who with deft-turned phrase and honeyed word blind their followers' eyes And set them chasing a will-o'-the-wisp for an empty honor and worthless prize, And the frosty blasts that an outsider meets would chill you unto death, And the expert way they feel for your purse would take away your breath; For while two hundred and fifty make what they call a "solidarity" throng, The people who have not been corrupted and named are twenty-five hundred strong.

If I were you I'd take only those with the interest of the deaf at heart, Whose love of duty is above what men strive for in the mart, Who will work for the good of all the deaf and not for the gain of one, Who only want as a recompense a knowledge that their duty was well done; Who love their fellows for what they are and not for what they may own, Whose sincere hearts in deeds as well as words is very plainly shown.

WILLIAM COOK, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 27, 1908.

## CHICAGO.

Mr. Henry Joseph, who moved here recently, has been deprived of two children through a serious attack of indigestion at Cook County hospital. We all sincerely sympathize with him in his bereavement.

Mrs. F. Smith and her five children have moved back to her old friends, Los Angeles, Cal., who will shelter and care for them as they need—in short to put her beyond the shadows of poverty.

Luther Taylor, one of New York's best twirlers, dropped into the city on important business for a day, has accomplished two feats, by transacting business and making various calls on his old acquaintances, in a short space of time. He is quoted as having said thus: "As the baseball closes, I received \$750 as prize money and a gold watch-fob, as a reward for my excellent work in the box." It is understood he has renewed his contract with the same club for another year. His Chicago admirers wish him success.

A bunch of jolly fellows, one afternoon, at the club, were discussing the origin of the term "cold shoulder." Amusing and variegated beliefs were offered as responsible for its origin, but has not been accepted, until a gentleman accidentally "buted-in" and was asked for an explanation, whereof it was given thus: "This phrase has its origin in a curious old French custom. It was once the custom in France to serve a guest, who had overstayed his welcome, with a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast one. This was intended as a gentle hint for him to go." Whereupon the crowd broke into laughter, and accepted it, as reliable.

Conundrum of life has just sprung up in the Automatic Telephone Co., according to the progress of prosperity for three deaf-mutes, who formerly were employed as old hands. They were called to don their overalls and roll up their sleeves to resume work at once, after a prolonged lay-off of ten months.

Mr. Leo. Holloway has secured permanent employment, as mechanical draughtsman in the Pullman Car Works. He has joined the club and renewed his subscription to the JOURNAL also. He says he missed his paper one month owing to the expiration of his subscription.

Mrs. Chas. Angles and daughter, Mildred, and son, Chas., Jr., took a jaunt to St. Charles Road, Ill., where they spent Sunday with their cousins on the farm. They returned home in the evening, satisfied with the excursion and their visit.

Mrs. Antony Novetty, who has been very ill, died Sunday morning. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning.

Saturday evening, October 31st, under favorable crisp autumn weather, the heavy doors of the Pas-a-Pas Club swung open, and the folks began pouring in until the rooms were filled to standing space. The walls and doors were decorated with pictures of witches riding broomsticks and pumpkins. Pumpkin-lanterns of all sizes and make, hung on chandeliers, which helped to make the occasion resemble an old fashioned Hallowe'en festivity. Chairman Mrs. Morton Sonneborn stepped upon the stage and addressed the crowd.

"I think every one has arrived and we shall proceed. The evening will open with anecdotes and reminiscences of Hallowe'en stories and jokes. I request you to come and tell your part by turn."

Those who took part in the round-up of telling amusing and funny stories and jokes were Mesdames Thomas, Sullivan, Taylor and Watson, who explained the reason of observing Hallowe'en. Their narration was as follows:

"Once every year we gather to celebrate Hallowe'en, like we are now, and just when the fashion of holiday special rites and entertainment on Hallowe'en, we first begun, no one can tell, as it was long ago that its history is lost in dim tradition and mystery."

The French have a pretty idea about this feast, and doubtless it is to them we owe the many rites and superstitions sanctioned for nearly a century by both old and young folks alike on October 31st.

The first day of November being All Saints' Day, the evening before All Saints' Day was known in the church calendar as Vellie or Vigil. And so in the olden time, two evenings before November 1st, was time when the ghosts of departed folks came back to the earth again to visit their old haunts once more.

It was the one night when those who were supposed to be suffering for their sins while in the flesh got a respite from their punishment and were allowed to be happy each in his own way.

Ghosts were supposed to walk and talk to those who had courage enough to address them, and any question asked of a ghost was sure to get the right answer.

Witches were in especial good humor on Hallowe'en; even the wicked fairies took a night off and did a handful of good things to the folks.

But ye scribe do not take any stock in superstition or the like. I think every person in the world, however big intellectually or small mentally, is more or less superstitious. We may say we are not, that superstition is a relic of barbarism, and so it is. Nevertheless we are influenced more or less by superstitious beliefs.

The principal features of the evening festivity was Mrs. Frida Bauman Carpenter, who impersonated a gypsy, or fortune-teller. She was dressed in loud variegated colors of dress that gypsies generally wear, even she went so far in improving her beauty by the use of paints on her face, and made a perfect resemblance to a genuine gypsy. She wore rings, there was a large diamond (?) ring—large like an automobile headlight. She was busy telling fortunes—some amusing and some sad.

Lung testing came next. Every lady and gentleman was asked to blow out nine lighted candles, which stood in line on a table. The blower was asked to blow out all in line. Some blew out three, while the other six remained lighted. No one could blow out them all in succession.

Finally Mr. A. Liebenstein, who has acquired the reputation of a "blower" from a long practice of blowing off the foam of his beer glass, climbed on the stage and defiantly challenged any one that he could blow out all the lights.

This challenge was accepted by Mr. Mack. Mr. Liebenstein then expanded his lungs and blew out all lights with the greatest ease. He was applauded for a minutes duration. Mack blew out only two lights, leaving seven lighted ones still flickering. He was given the "horse-laugh," which humiliated him. The crowds were not satisfied with Liebenstein, claimed he was a fraud, whereupon he repeated it with success as before.

Blindfolded kissing contest came next. A clay bust of some one whose name slipped from memory was hung on the wall, and must be kissed on the lips. The contestants were blindfolded, and turned around three or four times until he lost the right path, and was left alone to guess the way to reach it. Dr. Geo. Dougherty protested that a pretty girl should replace the clay bust, as it would make a good drawing card; but not a girl volunteered.

The Rev. Geo. Flick won the prize. It was a large bundle. He was enthusiastic, and began unwrapping it, and found out it was all papers—and the laugh was on him.

Apples were distributed in which trinkets and dimes were cancelled, and those who were fortunate enough to find some thing, was given another prize.

Every one was seen eating apples, pop-corn, candies and peanuts ravenously.

It was 11:30 when the crowd broke up, and every one reported having had a good time, and gave a vote of thanks to Mrs. Morton Sonneborn.

Miss Marie Tanzas, the dimpled little beauty, has just returned home from a month's visit in Du Bois, Pa., where she had a very pleasant time.

### Theatrical Notes.

Miss Grace George is in the city this week, having suspended her tour in "Divorcees" in order to make up the east of her new play "Give and Take," the comedy written specially for her by Madame Fred de Gresac. Both Mr. Frank Worthing and Mr. Max Freeman are to be in the cast of the new piece, which contains eleven important roles. Miss George will next Monday resume her tour in the Sardou piece, covering the New England cities, where she has not yet been seen as Cyprienne, and will meanwhile rehearse the De Gresac piece. Madame De Gresac is this season among the busiest of playwrights. Her play for Bertha Kalich, "Cora," is ready for production, next week, in St. Louis; and she is at work on plays for William Faversham and Miss Clara Lipman. Miss Lipman expects to return to the stage about the beginning of the new year.

Mr. George Fawcett, who is now abroad, has made William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer an offer for the English rights of "A Gentleman from Mississippi." It is his plan to play Senator Langdon, the role acted here by Thomas A. Wise, and to give Douglas Fairbanks' role of Haines, the young reporter, to John Barrymore.

The players of both the Irving Place Theatre and the new German Theatre are to attend the Louis Mann Matinee, in the Circle Theatre, on Thursday of next week, in compliment to Madame Mathilde Cottrelly. Some of the older members of both organizations acted with her when she was a light-opera ingenue in Vienna, in her girlhood, and some others were members of the German-speaking stock-company she maintained for a number of years in Philadelphia, what time she was resident there as the late Colonel John A. McCall's stage-director.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Saturday evening, 31st of October, a Hallowe'en entertainment was given in the Guild Hall of All Souls' Church for the Deaf. The attendance was about one hundred and fifty. Four young deaf men, Messrs. William Lawrence, Henry Friemel, Martin Cariston, and Abram Silnutzer, dressed in fancy costumes with their identity completely disguised, provided merriment for all on the stage. It was a continuous performance during which the actors seemed to have the world to themselves. One of the young men, Mr. Friemel, introduced sleight-of-hand tricks whenever the opportunity offered, so that his acting was most amusing and clever at times. The proceeds of the entertainment will be given to the church.

The large Bible Class of All Souls' is being taught by Mr. William H. Lipsett this month (November.) Mr. Reider will follow in December. The class is usually largely attended, and it is not an infrequent sight to see the hall so full that only standing room is left.

On Sunday afternoon, November the first, the re-organization of the Beth Israel Deaf Association took place at the Temple, Thirty-second Street and Montgomery Avenue. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry Blankensee, (re-elected); Vice-President, Abraham Silnutzer; Secretary, Sarah Silnutzer; Treasurer, Henry Silnutzer.

A special meeting of the Gallaudet Club will be held at the residence of Rev. C. O. Dantzer, in Tioga, on Friday evening, November 6th.

For selling the highest number of tickets for the Hallowe'en entertainment, Miss Ruth Cowan won a pretty passport picture as a prize.

Morton Henry, '09, of Gallaudet College, was a visitor at All Souls' on Sunday afternoon. He stopped here on his way to Haddonfield, N. J., where he cast his vote last Tuesday.

Miss Fannie Stuekert, of Doylestown, has entered the Pennsylvania School and Museum of Industrial Art, at Broad and Pine Streets, as a student, and now boards in the city.

Miss Katie Moyer goes to Pennsylvania, Pa., on Tuesday, to attend the funeral of a cousin.

Preparations are being made for the commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, on December 8th next. A conference of the deaf clergy and lay-workers will be held the following day, 9th, and on December 10th, All Souls' Guild and the Clero Literary Association will hold a joint celebration. There will be addresses and a supper. The supper will be furnished by a caterer at a cost of fifty cents per plate. Plates must be engaged in advance. Apply to the committee, which is composed as follows: For the Clero Literary Association, Wm. H. Lipsett, Mrs. M. J. Syle and Thomas E. Jones; and for All Souls' Guild, Mrs. G. T. Sanders, H. G. Gunkel, and H. E. Stevens.

Mrs. Thomas Breen is visiting her daughter in New York.

David B. Glenn, of Carlisle, Pa., who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, for the past two weeks, goes home on Tuesday morning.

James McGinley reports that John Mowbray, a former Philadelphian, will return here from Lewes, Del., and stay.

On November 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Leisersohn were married thirty-one years. Mrs. Leisersohn's maiden name was Eliza Bock. Mr. Leisersohn came to this country from Germany forty-four years ago.

The Silent Five Basket Ball Team would like to hear from first-class teams of deaf-mutes. Address to Fred. Greiner, 2716 A Street, Philadelphia.

### DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS J. O'CONNELL.

The death of Agnes Olwell Major, beloved wife of Thomas J. O'Connell, occurred at her residence, 471 West One Hundred Fortieth Street, New York City, on October 28th. She was fortified by the last sacraments of the Church, of which she was a devout member. Mrs. O'Connell was the only surviving daughter of Duncan Kennedy and Catherine Olwell Major. A solemn requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, West One Hundred Forty-Second Street, on October 30th, by the Rev. Father Stadelman, S. J., who also said the last prayers at the interment in Calvary Cemetery.

The members of Ephpheta Mission, Detroit, and others, will meet socially at St. John's Parish House, on Saturday evening, November 7th. Refreshments will be served. On Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Mann will officiate twice.



## Indians Like Red Hair.

The greatest novelty to the Indians, those connoisseurs in scalps, has always been a red haired man. Red-haired Indians there are none, and a red-haired white man when taken prisoner, was always a subject of curious regard. They were often loathe to dispatch such a captive, preferring, if possible, to keep him as a novelty, of which they would be envid the possession by other tribes.

The fact that Simon Kenton, the most noted frontiersman of his day, second only to Daniel Boone, had a shock of red hair, had no little to do with the saving of his scalp. Other things are, of course, to be taken into account, such as a cool head under his fiery locks and a pair of fleet feet under his cool head.

Kenton, in the prime of his life, was six feet one inch high in his moccasins, and straight as a ramrod. He walked with his toes directly to the front, like an Indian. He had a soft tremulous voice, slurring the letter "r" much as the mountain men of West Virginia and Kentucky do to-day. He had, say those who knew him, a laughing gray eye, undimmed by reading fine print, but admirably suited to a fine sight along a rifle barrel. He liked fiddling and dancing, was the hero and leader at log rollings, best of all liked hunting Indians through the thick forests of Kentucky and Ohio. Sometimes he found the red men; at other times they found him. He was of fair complexion, good-humored, but when in anger raged like a tornado. His credulity was great, and he was only shrewd when his wits were engaged against the red men.

He was the hero of more remarkable escapes from the Indians than any man of his time or any time. He was eight times exposed to running the gauntlet and three times were the faggots piled to roast him. His escapes were attributed by the pioneers to "Kenton's luck," but Kenton's vivid thinking and his ready selecting of the least chance for escape should also be taken into the reckoning.

Once, when a captive and held at Detroit, an English officer became interested in him as a fine specimen and untutored son of the forest. He saw that Kenton was fond of smoking a pipe, the bowl of which was probably made of a corn-cob, and gave him a burning glass, showing him how he could light tobacco by focusing the sun's rays upon it.

Kenton was delighted with this gift, which amused him as a toy amuses a child. With this glass, when the sun shone, he had no need of flint, steel and tinder to light his pipe.

Two or three years Kenton was again a prisoner in the hands of the red men. Bound hand and foot he was about to be burned at the stake. As a last request he called for his pipe. His hands were loosed, so that he might use the flint, steel, and tinder. He waved away the savage who was bringing them.

Extending his hand toward the sun, he made incantation. The glass, unseen by the savages was circled by his thumb and forefinger.

The tobacco in the bowl began to burn. Great clouds of smoke were soon rolling from Kenton's mouth. The Indians were amazed. Never had they seen a pipe lighted without fire.

Smoking out the pipe, the wily necromancer again mysteriously lighted it. One of the Indians, bolder than the others, approached for the purpose of making sure of the deer thongs that tied the fleet-footed Kenton. As he bent over the captive to do this the burning glass was focused upon his head. There was a smell of burning hair and flesh. The Indian jumped to his feet, rubbing his head. Meanwhile, again using the glass, Kenton set the leaves at his side on fire. He struggled to his feet and beckoned to an Indian to unbind his ankles. The frightened savage dared not refuse the request of this wonderful medicine man.

Kenton approached the load of agots prepared for his roasting. The Indians quickly got out of his way. They hid themselves, shuddering, behind the trees to watch this worker of magic.

Waving his arms above his head, he picked up a powder horn that had been dropped by one of the savages. He trailed some of the powder along the ground. Again the burning glass was to work a wonder. Focused on the powder there came an explosion and the horn was blown to pieces.

This was too much for the red men. Fearing that worse was coming, they gave a wild shriek and fled. Kenton did not tarry to see the course they took. He ran through the bushes and took his way unopposed to the white settlements.

When the Indian wars were over Kenton, brave and generous backwoodsman that he was, experienced much the same treatment at the hands of his countrymen that was given to Daniel Boone. After the Indians were gone a rapacious set of land-grabbers and speculators came in. Lands which Kenton had bought were lost to him through mechanical flaws of title. He was even imprisoned for debt near the place where he had raised the first cabin, planted the first corn, and

where he had met the savages in many a fight.

This was in Kentucky, which he had long considered his home. Beggared by lawsuits and losses, he removed to Ohio about the year 1800.

In Ohio for a time he was held in much regard, notwithstanding his poverty. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and for a time was a brigadier general in the state militia. After the "war of 12" as it was called, he returned to his cabin in the woods near Urbana, Ohio. In 1820 he moved to Mad River, in sight of the Indian town of Wappatomia, where he had once been tied to the stake.

Even here the poor old man was pursued by judgments and executions from the Kentucky courts. He still had some tracts of mountain lands in the State, but they had been forfeited for taxes, though the amount of such taxes would to-day be considered ridiculously small. He tried boring for salt. These ventures were failures. His last resource was to apply to the Kentucky legislature to release the forfeiture.

In 1824 a broken old man of seventy years, mounted on a bony nag, started southward from the little cabin in the Mad River woods. At last he reached Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. There, in what he had known as an unbroken, wild wood, stood a city, with towering church steeples, busy factories, and the home of a thriving, happy people.

He rubbed his eyes as he looked at this scene of enchantment. As he rode into the city his strange appearance and ragged attire, the shabby bony old horse, whose ribs were so strongly outlined against the hide, brought hundreds to their doors to see the aged wanderer.

There was not a face he knew. There was none who recognized in the broken old man the hero of whom all had heard, the Simon Kenton of the laughing gray eyes, the curling red locks, light of heart, ready of hand, fleet of foot. At last one in this city of strangers recognized him. It was General Fletcher, who had been a companion-in-arms in the war of 1812. He grasped the veteran by the hand with a generous warmth that brought tears to the wan and wrinkled cheeks of the old man.

General Fletcher saw to it that the second man of the early history of the State, Boone having been the first, should have a true Kentucky welcome. He made the old man the lion of the day. He was given the place of honor, seated in the speaker's chair, and here legislators, distinguished judges, and citizens were introduced to him.

He had been "fixed up" by General Fletcher to meet this company, the general having bought him a suit of new clothes, a new hat, and a shirt with ruffles. Better than this, his lands were released, and shortly afterward, by the exertion of a number of men of influence and position, the Congress of the United States voted him, in recognition of his great services to the country, a pension of \$250 a year, enough to secure his old age from absolute want.

The simple-minded old man, during the ten or more remaining years of his life, wore, it is said, the same clothes and hat that he wore when the guest of the people of Kentucky, and he always declared that his visit to Frankfort was the greatest and happiest period of his life.

He died in 1836 at the age of 81 years, in his little cabin in the woods, surrounded by his family, and in sight of the very spot where nearly sixty years before he had saved himself from the torture fire by means of his wonderful burning glass.—Charles Dennis, in *Indianapolis News*.

### It Worked All Right.

One day a barber's shop in Liverpool had but one empty chair. A man wearing a very big hat and walking with a great deal of swagger, entered, hung his hat on a peg and then, drawing a revolver, turned to the idle man and said:

"I want a shave—just a common shave. I want no talk. Don't ask me if I want my hair cut or a shampoo. Don't speak of the weather or politics. If you speak to me, I'll shoot."

He took the chair, held the revolver across his legs and was shaved with promptness and dispatch.

When he got up he returned the shooter to his pocket, put on his hat and after a broad chuckle to the cashier said: "That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

"No, sir; he couldn't."  
"Couldn't?"  
"No, sir; he's deaf and dumb."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

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Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

## THROUGH THE HEART OF DAVEY CROCKETT

BY FRANK WAITE.

It was a hot day in North Texas. The blistering rays from the sun seemed focused, as if with a huge sun-glass, upon that particular spot on the earth's surface. Under the great shed where the Lothrop-Armstrong Lumber Company each day sawed up a thousand logs, the roaring, hissing boilers, the pounding engines, and the screaming saws made a perfect inferno on earth. Five hundred negroes, in white canvas breeches, and heavy brogans, worked like battling giants, while the cooling streams of perspiration trickled down their brown bodies, bare to the waist.

At one end of the shed two men strained at a lever, and a monster peean-log slipped down upon the sawcarriage that lay waiting. The foreman shook his head.

"That's a big one," he shouted in the ear of George Lothrop, senior in the firm.

"Yes," said Lothrop. "Somehow I don't like to see that log cut. Stood for 50 years on the old place. I've eaten many a half of nuts from it. We boys named it Davy Crockett," he added, reminiscently. "Yes, that's Davy Crockett. Saw in good condition?"

"New one on this alley," the foreman answered.

Lothrop walked over and watched the great disk as it lay idly whirling in its bearings, whining and growling likd a beast of prey before tearing into the vitals of its victims. He listened to the sharp click and snap of the belts on its hurried journeyings to the saw and back again to the big drive-wheel in monotonous repetition.

Beneath the saw-gearing was a deep, box-like dust-pit, into which the tiny yellow flakes of wood showered and fell at each side of the flashing steel plate, like snow-drifts against the window-pane. A bent old man with a long-handled scoop raked together the fluffy substance and painfully lifted it over his head on to the pile behind him. The top of the leap crumbled away and slipped back around the man's feet and closed up to the saw. The man thrust his scoop into the dust too near the saw, and leaning on its handle, looked up.

With a quick, sharp snarl the saw's hungry teeth ripped through the steel-covered part of the handle, and the man fell to his knees. Lothrop saw the danger, and quickly the shrill signal "Off gear" came from his lips. The old man climbed out, weak and trembling, and the infernal roar began again.

"What's the reason you don't cart that dust away from there?" Lothrop shouted to him.

"Haven't had time, sir," quavered the cracked voice.

"You haven't had time! Then you stay out; I'll put somebody at it who has more time."

"I wish you would, sir," the old man said, as he walked away. "The boy is sick to-day, and I've been doing what I could when the machine wasn't busy."

"Oh, you're on the planing machine, are you? I didn't know that; I beg your pardon—I didn't understand," said Lothrop, ashamed of his hasty words. "Go back to the planing—I'll shovel awhile myself."

Lothrop stepped out upon a heavy slab that lay suspended over one corner of the pit, and stood there while the saw passed through the last few feet of the great log. The long waste slab, torn, like flesh of the body, from the trunk it had shielded in the storms of two generations, went rumbling away to the slab furnace, and the carriage scurried back for another trip to the saw.

Lothrop turned to climb by the ladder into the pit. Suddenly the plank that bore him up slipped, turned, and he fell floundering waist-deep in the treacherous mass below. The sight of the old man's danger a few minutes before was still fresh in Lothrop's mind, and he remembered how impossible it had seemed to shape his tongue and lips for the whistled signal he had given. He wondered if he could make that signal now. He tried—his heart seemed to beat louder than the sound his lips sent forth. He tried to steady his nerves. Then he felt a sliding, shoving mass strike his body. Cautiously lifting one foot to the surface he tried to regain the three or four feet he had slipped down the incline. This seemed to loosen the whole surface layer of the pile. Slowly, steadily, he began sliding toward the saw.

In desperation he lunged for the plank he had lost, then fell backward head foremost. As he went down, his eyes caught one flashing glimpse of the big six-foot saw, and his heart sickened. For a moment he lay perfectly still, or as nearly so as possible for his whole frame shook in utter horror of what awaited him. His feet lay three feet above his head and the blood rushed to his brain in maddening torrents. The hard, fine grains of wood filled his eyes and tore the tender flesh. He dared not move now, for every motion meant a slip nearer—steadily, inevitably nearer—to that awful Thing!

If he could only see it! He knew that its deadly teeth were not more than a foot away from his head now,

for he felt the cold current of air that rushed around with it. For a while the cool wind soothed his throbbing brain. He threw out an arm and groped for something to stay his snail like career into Death's teeth. With the tips of his fingers he felt the end of the scoop handle that had been snatched from the hands of the old man. Wildly he clutched it—and slipped closer to the smooth, shining surface with the hissing teeth.

Now the cold wind tossed his hair about. Colder and colder it grew, until the boon became a torment.

A great chill came over him, and he sneezed. Another slip. Then two more inches, and the chilling current at his head seemed to freeze his very bad blood. Again a sneeze moved his head a little closer. His dull, bloody eyes gazed up into the free air above. His crazed brain wondered—when? This instant? Perhaps. No; not yet! Maybe now,—NOW!

New, now, now, now, now! mocked the big, throbbing Thing.

A heavy jar brought Lothrop to his senses. His brain recoiled. He strained his gory eyes to see. The space above was darkening. Then the saw sang out. They were taking another slab from old Davy Crockett!

He cried out—too late! The roar and clash above made his shout a whisper in his own ears. Oh, why did not he think! Why didn't he call when there was a lull in the noise, when he might have been heard? Too late now! No human possibility could keep his head away from those gnashing teeth while they ate their way through the heart of Davy Crockett. Deep into the soft bed under him he dug his fingers.

"What a fate," he thought, "to have my head split like a block of wood!—my brain, that knows every cog and belt in this complex mechanism, to be ground and scattered in the very dust of its industry!" And the dust came showering and pelted his face. It filled his ears and crept under his chin. Then his face was covered. When he breathed his nostrils filled. He opened his mouth and the little wooden flakes choked him. The pounding and rumbling above grew far, far away—farther, farther, far—

Under the saw slipped Lothrop's head, and with a fierce, savage shriek, the long, chisel-teeth ripped off the scalp—and stopped!

George Lothrop moved uneasily on his cot. He raised a hand, felt the bandages on his smaring scalp, leaped to his feet, and whistled "Off gear!" when he was quiet again the foreman bent over him. "It's all right. Boss—gear's off," he said. "You see, that disk wa'n't made for sawin' crowsbars; so when it got to that bar it jes' lost a few teeth, and then stopped fightin'."

Lothrop smiled. "It's a good thing we boys selected just that point to drive in that cow-bar," he said.

### Why March 4th Inauguration Day.

There have been many objections raised to the date upon which the Presidents of the United States are inaugurated, chief among them being the inclement weather which usually prevails early in the spring.

The first President Harrison contracted the cold which caused his death, soon after he assumed office, at the ceremonies attending his inauguration; and anxiety is always expressed lest the unhappy incident should be repeated. There was a reason for choosing that date, however, which very few persons have ever heard of.

When the day was fixed upon the 4th of March, it was because that date seldom occurred on Sunday. But three times during our history has the inauguration day fallen on that day. The first was the second inaugural of James Monroe, the fifth President, March 4th, 1821; the second was when Zachary Taylor was made President, March 4th, 1849; the third was the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes, on March 4th, 1877.

This will happen three times during each century, or one year after every seventh leap year. Except when passing from one century to another, there is a slight variation, as will be observed in the following dates of the past and future inaugurations, of the first two centuries of the republic.

March 4	1821
March 4	1849
March 4	1877
March 4	1917
March 4	1945
March 4	1973

—*Scrap Book*.

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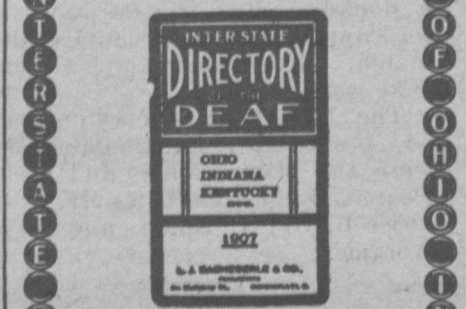
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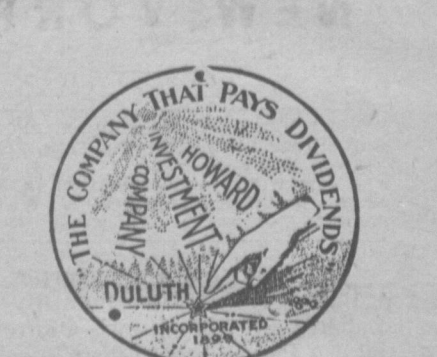
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### The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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